

# BULL RUN'S ROUT JUST 50 YEARS AGO

## First Battle of the Civil War Ended in Disaster for the Federals.

### NORTH WAS DUMFOUNDED

#### Confident of Victory, Fight Turned Into a Great Panic—South's Lost Chance.

Around a mahogany table in a great house on the fringes of Alexandria the punch glasses clinked far into the night of July 20, 1861. The host had about him a light sprited circle of young Philadelphians whose saddle horses had their noses deep in the oats of his stables. Through the open windows the moonlight lay on his lawns and hedges. The company was merry and the punch bowl was busy.

They had ridden down from Washington that afternoon, had those gay young men, because they heard that McDowell's advancing column was likely to run across Beauregard and it looked like an entertaining fight. Perhaps the Black Horse Cavalry, that band of young Virginians who rode their own horses, might be drawn into it. Then it would be worth watching, they said to their host. They told him too, as they dipped into his mixture, that if it seemed to be exciting enough they would go back to Philadelphia and enlist. That was why they had come away from home, just to get a taste of the thing.

The host told them that this was only playing at war, this encounter which humorously he termed a battle, and they had better not bank too much on having as easy a time of it as that throughout the war. It wasn't going to be the lack that the people in the North believed. But they waved him off and laughingly suspected him of harboring secession thoughts in that hospitable house of his.

They rose much earlier in the morning than was their wont after a gathering like that of the evening before. Their host stood under the pillars of his porch and waved his hand to them as they rode off to their day's pleasure of watching a war game. Already carriages from Washington had been streaming along that same road. Members of Congress came down in their proudest conveyances, women smiled and made the best of the uneven thoroughfare as they were jounced along hastily so that none of the spectacle could be missed. Hamper and boxes tucked into the drivers' seats and strapped behind the rattling carriages showed that they had come out for a picnic. The folk of Washington knew that war was being brought into their domain and they had no intention of losing the opportunity of seeing it. It was to be a Union victory the witnessing of which would be something to tell about at the balls of next winter.

The Philadelphia horsemen, on the page that they had hired at the capital, made the dust fly as they tore past these carriages in impetuous races with one another. The boom of heavy firing ahead came to them frequently. They drew up at the roadside to wipe the sweat from their foreheads, for the sun was streaming down hotly long before noon, to water their mounts and take refreshment for themselves. The cannonading was plainer now as they resumed their jogging in the afternoon. They came to a strip of road where a turn in the path of dust hid the approach. They heard the clatter of a horse, ridden hard.

FIRST SIGNS OF ROUT.  
Around the corner came a rider, his uniform torn and streaked, a splash of blood on one cheek. He gave them a quick glance, shouted something and kept on. Then came another and another, and the line of carriages ahead wavered. Then a pair of artillery horses, their cut traces dangling at their heels, galloped by, flecks of lather flying from them. Teamsters with fear in their eyes and oaths on their lips lashed the horses that they rode. The broken harness evidenced abandoned supply wagons. More riders passed. Infantrymen who had no business on horseback, here and there an officer without his sword, many teamsters—all of them riding like mad.

Those young Philadelphians were more serious now, but they had come to see a fight and they weren't ready to join the line of carriages that was being swept back in the direction of Washington. They pressed on until they met men running on foot, men who had thrown away their guns, their equipment, their blankets, anything that weighed down their progress. From these they heard in short scattering sentences the first story of the panic that lay ahead. Through the trees they could see more blue uniforms dodging along parallel to the road, but not deep enough in the forest to lose track of the highway. One of the runners in the road stopped and looked behind him as he ducked into the woods. It was every man for himself, and this straggler, divided from his regiment, had the fear that was in every one of them. The high spirited Philadelphians had come to see a fight. They were watching something quite different. They wheeled their horses and rode back over that road, past the house where they had been entertained, its shutters drawn now, straight for Washington.

That was what the later afternoon of fifty years ago today brought to the Union army. Two untrained fighting forces came together that day in the first battle of Bull Run. The situation was this:

whose Mexican war record and efficiency in the business of a soldier had raised him a few weeks earlier without political influence from the rank of a Major. Through the last days of June and the first ones of July the pressure of public sentiment was for a dash for Richmond. The idea appeared to be to get there before the Confederate Generals made up their minds to strike at Washington, where the position wasn't as strong as it might have been on account of the anti-Union sentiment that lay in the neighborhood of Baltimore. But there were obstacles on that road to Richmond. The chief one was the force of Gen. G. T. Beauregard, who was established at what was called the Alexandria line at Manassas, the junction of the Orange and Alexandria and the Manassas Gap railroads. Sixty miles off to one side, to lay Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in the lower Shenandoah Valley, but the veteran Patterson of Pennsylvania, seasoned by the war of 1812 and the Mexican war, was looking after him.

McDowell's task was to defeat his classmate at West Point, Beauregard. That was the belief of Gen. Scott when he sent for the younger commander late in June and told him to draw up a plan of operations and to estimate how many men he would need to carry it into effect. The threat of war called Bull Run, three miles in front of Manassas, was known to be the line of defense along which the Confederate leader had battered in position.

Both sides seemed to anticipate a conflict at this place. It was a natural one. With the South its result meant much. A defeat would break its boast of independence. The North was just as eager for a fight. And both sides were sure that the result would be favorable.

THE ADVANCE FROM WASHINGTON.  
There was plenty of life and color in that line that marched out from Washington on the afternoon of July 18. The New York city regiments were there, with the green of the Sixty-ninth and the red of Ellsworth's Fire Zouaves, recruited from the Fire Department here. The Seventy-ninth, killed though they were at heart, put on the Union blue that day—all but one captain, who went away with his knapsack and his pleas as a surgeon. Not a banner in the outfit had been touched with powder, a reality of war had been experienced. Besides three days provisions were in the knapsacks and the supply wagons were coming on next day, so what could happen? Bands played, drums thumped to time the step, hurrahs swept over the soldiers' heads. Only here and there in an impassive face at a window or on a street flag would be brought back torn or dark marked, or not at all.

When McDowell's column came to Centerville, twenty miles west of the Potomac, he found the army of Bull Run on the morning of the 18th the skirmishers who looked for information and scattered Beauregard's outposts before them in the search found that all the forces of the army were in the neighborhood of Manassas. The woody growth along its steep sides made the force desirable. The battleground was a rough ridge with a narrow valley at its apex. Sudley Springs, at the end of the long leg and at the base of the stream of Bull Run guarding Manassas. McDowell had realized that he couldn't take the position as it was, and he had written since that he was supplied with information from official and unofficial sources in Washington. Besides the chief Northern newspapers were sent him by express, and he had a plan of the day. The Union commander took all this for granted, and although the Confederate General's facts were not as accurate as he believed, McDowell was made to slip up silently upon him. It was doubtful whether a tribe of savages trained in woodcraft could have done it. McDowell's thousands of undisciplined civilians in uniform had no chance at all, he determined to force his presence under the other general's nose.

TYLER GETS INFORMATION.  
The provisions hadn't come from Washington and their appearance was imperative. In the morning of the 18th the ordered Gen. Tyler, commanding the first division, composed of four brigades, to get information and to keep up the impression that we are moving on Manassas. Tyler, with two companies of infantry and a squadron of cavalry against Blackburn's and Mitchell's forces. He happened to come across Longstreet's cavalry brigade, supported by East with another, and Bonham's brigade with another support. Tyler opened up with his long range guns, but he couldn't get enough into the range to do much harm. He sent a brigade and sent it with cavalry and artillery supports down into a patch of woods closer to the gray lines. The result was the only possible one. He got the information that the "enemy was in force" and withdrew.

Well, the Confederates were considerably more confident than the Union army and there was depression in the Union lines. It disappeared to some extent before the days of waiting were over. Carriages began to come out from Washington, bringing tales of the panic that had been passed a degree of confidence had been fused into the soldiers and with it came a burning hope that the Union army would be able to have the battle of Bull Run. The Federal episode had proved.

JOHNSTON JOINS BEAUREGARD.  
Over among the Confederates Beauregard was very quiet but very busy. He had communicated with Johnston, who was his senior in rank, to the end that the Shenandoah force should join his. Richmond left it to Johnston's discretion and he prepared to leave immediately. His men had not yet learned how to get along without their baggage and baggage trains. They were still in the habit of carrying their baggage on horseback and didn't like the idea of splashing through a stream when there was a footbridge or a log across it. They didn't care much about hurrying anyway. It was later that the Southern army made its astonishing march. The progress was slow. Just the same the greater part of Johnston's force, including the General in person, joined Beauregard about noon on the twentieth. The last stage of the journey had been made by rail, and for lack of cars some of the troops had to be left behind at the station. McDowell. These were ready to follow in command of Gen. Kirby Smith as soon as transportation could be obtained. There will be more about this detachment presently.

Scott had promised McDowell that if Johnston tried to join Beauregard he should have Patterson "on his heels." An interesting mountain and Stuart's cavalry broke that promise for Gen. Scott.

The scheme of battle that McDowell devised on the twentieth, after his plan was moved from Montgomery to Richmond, which had occurred by June 1, there had been intense uneasiness on the score of Washington's stability. In chief command of the Union forces was Gen. Scott. The territory on which the nation's interest was bent, that which lay south of the Potomac, was under the orders of Brig-Gen. Irwin McDowell. He was 43 at that time, a graduate of West Point with the class of 1839; one

and advance to the Stone Bridge, where the center of the Gray defense was stationed. There was trouble in getting the early march on the road, and it was after 4 when they cleared the path that the rest were to follow.

Hunter and Heintzelman were close upon him with their divisions, and a mile or so they had to wait. They were to the right through a country road to Sudley Springs. The day dawned with a bright sun pouring down upon these marchers. The road was longer than McDowell had anticipated, and the march was long. So it was 9:30 before the main body crossed Bull Run, beyond the left extremity of the Confederate lines.

THE FIGHT BEGINS.  
Tyler went straight down the turnpike until he came upon the left wing of the gray army under Evans. He began to fight before the flanking body was ready to take across the run. It was a surprise, and the Confederates had the advantage to see that he was not opposed by the full driving power of the Federals. Over to his left he saw an advancing column of dust and he guessed the rest of his army. He left his men to Tyler busy and sent word to the nearest Confederate leader, Cooke, that he had gone to meet the enemy.

Evans had far to go before he met the first of the approaching blue uniforms. It was just before 10 o'clock when the two opposing generals here drew up their battle lines and began the battle of Bull Run. The Federal attack, pushed back the line that came up at first and jammed his line into pursuit. But presently more Federals, including some regulars anxious to get at some real fighting, came into the line to the aid of the line that wavered.

"We ran into a little grove of saplings," Col. Thomas M. Canton of the Sixty-ninth, who was surviving officer, who marched down Broadway with that regiment, who was there as a lieutenant that day, said a day or two ago, describing that fight, "and we came into the Louisiana Tigers, the two sides were a lot of fighters, the kind that would close in and fight it out so near that the powder from their guns would burn your cheek. It was long, but time flew, the trees, but it was hot. Capt. James Haggerty, who was acting major, rode in with us. One of the Tigers sprang up to his horse's side and shot him dead. These were the bayonets in that Tiger the next second."

The retelling of the Northern's was too much for Evans and he drew back his main batteries. The big guns that could only be located by their flashes through the leaves. Over the open field that led to the house of the widow Henry the Irish flag flew and the Union soldiers followed after Evans. Gen. Bee, who had left his place near the Henry House at Evans's insistence, came in in time to throw a few more rounds into the blue line.

JACKSON'S STONE WALL.  
Then the two Confederates went back to the stronger position on the plateau around the house. Here Jackson's column was drawn up with that stability which was his, and as he shouted encouragement to his men:

"Look at Jackson's brigade! There it stands like a stone wall!"  
The big leaders of the day were getting into action. McDowell came up to the storm center of the turning column and sent word to Tyler to press his men at the Stone Bridge. Beauregard stood at McDowell's headquarters, looking on as the senior was unfamiliar with the ground that Beauregard knew so well and had decided to abide by the programme that his subordinate had made. He saw the column of firing and decided that the front of the fighting was off to their left. They galloped together with their staffs, sometimes scattering into the trees when the firing was fiercest. Northern shells to cross, sometimes pulling up their horses to ask what this fiery knew or what that counter-marching column had seen. Henry's plan, as Beauregard's brigade was suffering again around the line of Stonewall Jackson.

At the northern end of this field on which the battle was fought, the Union line was broken. The brigades that came up, they were tired from their long march in the broiling sun, but they reared up that slope for all that was in them. Two miles from the battlefield, the Union line was established at the Henry house itself, in which the invalid mistress was killed later in the day when a shell tore into its side. The Union General directed the volleys that his big guns sent into the Confederate ranks.

JOHNSTON DROPPED BACK TO SEND UP MORE TROOPS. Beauregard kept one eye on the smoke and the other on the plateau and another toward the Federal line that was moving across the run at the Stone Bridge.

GRIFFIN'S AND RICKETTS'S BATTERIES.  
A charge of cannon in the pieces commanded by Griffins and Ricketts's batteries. The whole line of the Confederates was edging across the plateau. The Union line was broken. The brigades that came up, they were tired from their long march in the broiling sun, but they reared up that slope for all that was in them. Two miles from the battlefield, the Union line was established at the Henry house itself, in which the invalid mistress was killed later in the day when a shell tore into its side. The Union General directed the volleys that his big guns sent into the Confederate ranks.

The batteries around the Henry House were whirled about and on special volleys from the line of the Union army now surrounded them. But McDowell wasn't through yet.

Howard's brigade, which had been in reserve, came up and put some of the line and another charge up the slope of the plateau brought back the batteries and the position around Henry House. But the cannons were not so deaf as they had been. Kirby Smith's brigade swept up with the other reserves and for the last time the Federal troops gave way.

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# CONTINENTAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEENTH SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT, JULY 1st, 1911.

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Bonds and Stocks	\$30,485,750.00	Unearned premiums	\$8,423,044.39
Real Estate	1,900,000.00	Losses in process of adjustment	509,755.95
Loans on Bond and Mortgage	2,700.00	All other claims	363,899.20
Premiums in course of collection	1,312,705.25	Reserve for Contingencies	260,000.00
Interest, Dividends and Bents accrued	138,559.25	Policyholders Surplus	\$15,477,664.85
Reinsurance due on paid losses	17,516.34	Capital \$2,000,000.00	
Cash on deposit and in office	1,047,169.54	Net Surplus	13,477,664.85
			\$15,477,664.85
<b>Total Assets</b>	<b>\$25,014,364.39</b>		<b>\$25,014,364.39</b>

OFFICERS			
HENRY EVANS, President		DAVID RUMSEY, 2nd Vice President and Counsel	
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J. E. LOPEZ, 2nd Vice President and Secretary	HUGH BARKIN, Secretary	F. R. MILLARD, Secretary	
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46 CEDAR STREET, NEW YORK		332 SO. LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO	

a despatch. The next morning he came to Washington in a drizzling rain.

THE REPORTS THAT FIRM CAME TO NEW YORK were that the Federal troops had won a great victory. It was the first rush on the part of the Federal troops that started these reports. News was slower in the traveling then, less accurate too. The revised figures of those engaged in the battle showed that something like 15,000 troops were at the disposal of each commander on the battlefield that day.

On the morning of the twenty-second these were the headlines of THE SUN'S story: "A Great Victory—Great Loss of Life—Twelve Hours Fighting—Retreat of the Rebels—United States Forces Pressing Forward."

And then under a Washington date line came the following:

"We have just received news of a great battle fought to-day at Bull Run, in which our troops after ten hours of hard fighting routed the rebels, capturing their batteries and driving them back upon their own lines. The fighting was of the most desperate character, the rebels being in full force, and it is reported, reinforced by Gen. Johnston's column. There has been great loss of life."

It is doubted now whether the rebels will make another stand at the junction. "Our men acted like heroes and fought like lions," said a Federal officer. "The state of excitement to-night and hurrahs for the Union and for our troops are heard in all directions."

THE NEWS OF THE DEFEAT.  
By the next day the story of the battle was in New York. These were THE SUN'S headlines on the morning of the 23d: "Retreat of Our Troops—Our Army Shattered—Many Killed—Only 22,000 U. S. Troops Engaged—Enemy 90,000 Strong—Our Cannon Left Behind."

Then by way of Philadelphia this story appears from Washington:

"The rebels are in good order, with the rear well covered by a good column. Our loss is 2,500 to 3,000. The fortifications are strongly reinforced by fresh troops."

In a second despatch:

"It is reported that yesterday afternoon, after the rebels had been driven from their stronghold at the Run, they were reinforced by Gen. Johnston's column. The rebels were in full force, and it is reported, reinforced by Gen. Johnston's column. There has been great loss of life."

"The city was thrown into the greatest excitement yesterday by the announcement that our troops, after having fought a hard battle, had been driven back upon their own lines. The fighting was of the most desperate character, the rebels being in full force, and it is reported, reinforced by Gen. Johnston's column. There has been great loss of life."

of the toll of an eager, effective pursuit of an enemy immediately after the battle. On the following day an unusually heavy and unintermittent fall of rain intervened to obstruct our advance with reasonable prospect of fruitful result. Added to this the want of a cavalry force of sufficient numbers made an efficient pursuit a military impossibility."

WASHINGTON NOT UNPROTECTED.  
"But even if the Southern army had been in perfect condition and amply provided with all things needed, it must be remembered that the Federal army was not entirely dissolved. Though the troops which had been actually engaged were little better than a mob and McDowell, judging from his telegrams, was almost as demoralized as they, there were plenty of Northern troops which had not been in action and still presented a firm front. Runyon's division, 5,352 strong; Miles's division, 6,207 strong; and Richardson's brigade of Tyler's division, probably 2,500 strong, were fresh and protected by the entrenchments with which Washington was covered."

"The officials at the capital anticipated no danger. On the day after the battle Secretary Cameron telegraphed to New York: 'The capital is safe. And again, a number of regiments have arrived since last evening. There is no danger of the capital or of the republic.'"

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Winham Club Yields Six Prisoners and Wagonloads of Gambling Tools.

Closely following the departure of Inspector Walsh for his vacation a gambling raid was made yesterday in his district by Second Deputy Police Commissioner Dougherty. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon fifteen Central Office men headed by the Deputy Commissioner came down upon the Winham Club at 158 West Forty-sixth street. This was the third time this club has been visited by raiders and yesterday they found no trouble in getting in.

After arresting the doorman and breaking a heavy door on the ground floor, the detectives discovered a complete gambling layout with about 200 men about. They had warrants for eight but could find only six. Two were arrested on felony charges and the others for misdemeanors. The latter gave fictitious names and were bailed out after being taken to the West Forty-seventh street station. The two others went down to night court to "fight out," as they say. Their names were Roland B. Wilson, 877 Seventh avenue and Frank Miller, 153 West Fifty-fourth street.

A crowd of some thousand persons blocked Forty-sixth street with the patrol wagon came to take the prisoners away. Two express wagons full of roulette wheels and other gambling and pool-room fixtures were carted around to the station too.

The second floor of the building had been used for a poolroom. The police were prepared to raid 160 West Forty-sixth street too, for they heard that was a "shift" for the place next door in time of trouble. They did find an underground passage through the cellar connecting the two places, but 160 wasn't much of a gambling hole.

This raid was the first one that has come directly from the Central Office since a month or so ago, when the Second Deputy put the gambling evil up to the men at the head of the inspection districts.

DOG CHASE ON WEST SIDE.  
Small Girl Bitten Before Policeman Kills Mob Pursued Animal.

A large dog on snapping and barking in the midst of a group of small children in the middle of the corner of Eleventh avenue and Twenty-first street at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon, ran screaming in all directions, but a little girl, Edna Hart, who is 3 years old and lives at 508 West Twenty-first street, was unable to get out of the way. The dog seized her right arm and lacerated it before she could tear herself away.

Eleventh avenue at the time was crowded with homegoers and there were a number of ball games going on in the vacant spaces toward the riverfront. Every one took up the chase after the dog and there was a small mob of truck drivers, longshoremen and others in pursuit. They hurled bricks, clubs and other missiles, but the dog got them all and continued up Eleventh avenue. At the corner of Twenty-fifth street stood Policeman Kilduff of the old West Twentieth street station. His attention soon was attracted to the uproar and he started south to meet the dog. He was afraid to shoot at long range lest he hit one of the throng. Just as he was about to get at the dog, however, one of the young ball players drove a baseball with full force. It stunned the dog temporarily and the policeman made short work of despatching it.

Edna was taken by her mother to the Pastur Institute, on Twenty-third street, where her wound was treated temporarily until a report can be had from the Health Department of the condition of the dog.

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Pittkin Avenue cor. Rockaway Ave.